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Puck

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A DESPOTIC ATTITUDE.

WILLIAM THE WAR-CRANK.—I and my army stand here by divine right.



PUCK,

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AS THE time of the national conventions draws close and closer, men are forced to look the political situation squarely in the face, and the process is one that tends to clear the mind day by day. Forecasting of the future becomes a business of cutting theory and prejudice, and futility generally, out of the calculation of political possibilities. People who have been talking freely with their mouths begin to feel the necessity of doing a little thinking with their heads; and it is wonderful what a change the perception of this necessity can make in a man's whole scheme of public policy; and how one little dash of cold thought can clarify uncommonly foggy and cloudy intellects! Such miraculous changes occur in men's minds during this brief period that we are sometimes reminded of a story that has already been told in PUCK—and elsewhere for all we know: it is unquestionably a true story—about the party of people at the seaside restaurant who spent fifteen or twenty minutes in settling among themselves what flavors of ice cream they should order. At last they decided, and named their various fancies. One wanted lemon, another pistache, another chocolate, a fourth sherbet and a fifth Neapolitan. Then, when he had heard them all through, the waiter said: "We ain't got nothing only vanilla." So they all took vanilla ice cream.

So it is in politics when the nominating convention actually heaves into sight. Up to that moment anybody has a right to talk any amount of nonsense, but after that he is expected to talk business. He may fill the tender Springtime air with foamy, rainbow-tinted talk about favorite sons, and new forces in politics, and claims to recognition, and promising dark horses, or anything else that takes his fancy; but there is a point in the season's growth when every man is expected to tie himself up to practical facts, select an available candidate, one who is willing to take the nomination, and one who may be elected; and, having chosen that candidate, to talk of and for him alone, and to cleave unto him only, forsaking all others. This generally results in narrowing the list of such subjects of conversation to a very few names. This year it seems to have brought the imminent possibilities down to one name on each side.

The Democrats certainly are forced to confront the plain question of resuming or abandoning the one fight in which they have been successful during a quarter of a century. They have among their leaders one man—and one man only—who is known to the people throughout the length and breadth of the land, and who has a personal following in every state in the Union: who is absolutely identified with the only cause they have successfully sustained, and whose character and capacity have been proven alike to friend and foe. If they had another leader in whom were united even a majority of these qualifications for candidacy, there might be room for wide difference of opinion as to the duty and policy of the Democrats who are to assemble in convention at Chicago. But, as these qualifications can be claimed for no other leader in the party, every day must serve to make more clear to the mind of any Democrat, who thinks as well as talks, the fact that whatever potential candidates there may be among the favorite sons of her favorite states, and whatever may be their claims to popularity, the Democracy has but one practicable candidate in Grover Cleveland, and but one practical issue in Tariff Reform.

Mr. Watterson may fret and Mr. Dana may fume; and the soul of Mr. D. B. Hill may be disquieted within him; and Mr. Croker may imagine a vain thing; but not one of them, nor the whole lot of them, by any taking thought, can diminish Mr. Cleveland's stature by one cubit, nor add one fraction of an inch to the height of the many eager and willing statesmen who would like to make as big a figure before the country. The enemies of Mr. Cleveland may suggest names of more or less honor as his possible rivals; they may make ingenious combinations of these names, and urge the strength of this man in this region, and of that man with that class; but this will not serve in any jot or tittle to undo the work that Mr. Cleveland has done for himself, or to make him any the less the one successful leader of the Democracy, whose single defeat was due to treachery in his own camp. If they would supplant Mr. Cleveland with any other man, they must show that that man is a truer friend of Tariff Reform,

or the friend of a nobler cause: that he is better known to the people of the United States—known by his acts and his deeds, that is, and not only as one who talks from the tail of a railroad train; that he has won for himself or done anything to win for himself the measure of respect and confidence which Mr. Cleveland had commanded even from his political opponents. Until they can do this, Mr. Cleveland will be the choice of every loyal Democrat who honestly seeks the triumph of Democratic principles, and of every man, whatever his nominal politics, to whom those principles appeal.

In the Republican camp, inasmuch as the question of practical availability is not complicated by any difference of opinion as to principles among the leading candidates, the expression of the general choice is, perhaps, neither so warm nor so emphatic. Yet there can be very little doubt, that, Mr. Blaine being considered as definitely out of the race, Mr. Harrison is the candidate preferred by the most of the voters of the party, and certainly by the very best men in it. And it is only fair to say that Mr. Harrison has earned his distinction on his own merits, and has honestly earned the confidence of his party friends. It is something of a reflection on his party—as it certainly should be a feather in Mr. Harrison's cap—that a man of his limitations and of his obscure career should have made himself the choice of the party that in former days made choice of America's greatest men; but Mr. Harrison has won his place fairly, and with no sacrifice of personal character for political power.

If Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Harrison are the choice of their respective parties for champions in the coming contest, it will be a good thing for the country; a thing on which every loyal citizen, Republican or Democrat, may honestly congratulate himself—if, as there is reason to hope, it may be held to give promise and earnest of a campaign of principles rather than of personalities. Such a fight as that would be a refreshment and a stimulus to patriotism, and would work a most practical and businesslike purification of what is really the most impure phase of our politics. It is a fight that may be carried on without loss of self-respect on either side and without resort to base and cowardly means of warfare, in the hope that the best principle as well as the best man may win. And it will be a contest, for certain, cheerfully to be welcomed by all who have courage to fight against an outworn creed based on an unsound financial dogma, under the banner of Grover Cleveland and Tariff Reform.



"EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY."

MR. S. PICKEN SPANN.—Ah! is the Dalmatian the fashionable dog, this season, Miss Phayre?

MISS FANNY T. PHAYRE.—Oh, no! I only wear the coach dog with this gown.

AN AWFUL DILEMMA.

PROMETHEUS, upon his rock secure,
A vulture preying on his vital part,
Endured no agony as I endure,
With cruel serpents tearing at my heart.

By day or night in vain I seek for peace,
In vain I strive to tear the evil out;
But still the torments in my soul increase,
By indecision nourished, and by doubt.

And all because young Cupid, worst of churls,
Has aimed his poisoned arrows at my breast:—
For I have met three wondrous pretty girls,
And know not which of them I love the best.

Milton Goldsmith.

SECTIONAL WOUNDS ARE ALL HEALED.



"TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS," said a bystander to a stranger,
as the Memorial Day procession went by.

"It does," was the reply. "I suppose you are thinking of the war and the memories revived by the parade of these veterans of a dozen battles or more?"

"Yes, such is the case; and I feel it the more because I fought with Sherman myself. While the war was raging, I thought that the animosities aroused by the contest would never be quelled; but, as I said, time heals all wounds, and now we can discuss the war even with those who were our mortal enemies, and not lose our temper."

"You are right. Now, I was in Lee's army."

"Were you?" asked the man who had worn the blue, at the same time extending his hand. "Put it there, comrade!"

The two shook hands and were soon exchanging war reminiscences with great good will.

"We walloped you nicely at Bull Run," chuckled the ex-Confederate.

"But did n't we get back at you at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson?" asked the Federal soldier.

"Oh, yes; but see what a tussle we gave you Yanks at Antietam and Fredericksburg."

"We made up for all that at Shiloh and Corinth, though."

"And we came at you Yanks again in great shape at Chancellorsville and Chickamauga," boasted the man who had been in Lee's army.

"But did n't we polish you off beautifully at Gettysburg, and, then, travel from Atlanta to the sea in triumph? By the way, speaking of the country through which Sherman's army marched, it shows a wonderful amount of improvement. I traveled through it a month or two ago, and was vastly surprised at the way the protective tariff is building it up. Why, my dear sir,—"

"Tariff be hanged!" interrupted the ex-Confederate. "Why, sir; that country is improving in spite of the tariff. The tariff has been hanging as a millstone about its neck. If we could only get sensible Tariff Reform—"

"Oh, you don't know what you are talking about."

"I don't, don't I?"

"No; you don't. Now, in Pennsylvania—"

"Don't talk to me about Pennsylvania! Now, in Georgia—"

"Biff! bang! thump!"

"Thump! bang! biff!"

"Oh, well, I don't care to argue with a man who can't keep his temper."

"Neither do I, consarn your ugly picture!"

William Henry Siviter.



HIS MEASURE.

HOFFMAN HOWES (*desperately*).—Gimme a gun! I want to blow my brains out.

DEALER.—Try one of these air guns, young man.

IF I WERE YOU.

MRS. KEENE.—There are times when I wish I were a man.

MR. KEENE.—For instance?

MRS. KEENE.—When I pass a milliner's window and think how happy I could make my wife by giving her a new bonnet.

NOT A NECESSARY CONCOMITANT.

G. A. R. VETERAN.—I saw Howell Gibbon yesterday in a uniform. Is he a soldier?

JACK CROSSBELTS.—No. He merely belongs to the Steenth Regiment.

THE REWARD OF INDUSTRY.

LE GRAND STANNED.—Why is the crowd being kept back so forcibly?

KIRBY STONE.—So as to give the police a chance to see the procession, I fancy.

VERY CARELESS.

MR. HOWITZ (*rushing into the office*).—Hey! See here, there's something wrong about this draft you gave me! It has been returned this morning!

FAIR TYPE-WRITER (*innocently*).—Oh, that's too bad! But Mr. Hardup is *such* a careless man; why, very often his drafts come back.

THE WORLD will never become wholly optimistic while farmers have crops to talk about.

THE MAN who tries to hear all sides, becomes mighty anxious to hear the end, also, before he gets through.



HARD LUCK.

MARY ANN (*with a moan*).—Be th' powers above us! There goes me best bottle av ink, an' Oi won't be able to save a drop of it.

The Runaway Browns.

A Story of Small Stories

By H.C. Bunner.

(Began in Puck, No. 791, May 4th, 1892.)

CHAPTER VI.

BOTH OF the gentlemen on the bank below started violently, as they heard Adèle's voice. They looked up and saw the two faces at the window and then each of them laid a finger on his lips, and said "Sh-h-h-h!" in a very significant and tragic manner.

"Mr. Slingsby," said Paul, severely, "are we deceived in you? What does this mean?"

"Sh-h-h-h!" said Mr. Slingsby again. "It's all right, dear boy; 'pon me honor it's all right."

"What are you doing with those trunks?" demanded Paul.

"Sh-h-h-h!" hissed Mr. Slingsby. "For 'eaven's sake, sh-h-h-h! Is Runyon there?"

"No," said Paul.

"Look over your shoulder," whispered Mr. Slingsby. "'E's a devil for snooping."

"I tell you," said Paul, "we are alone. But I want to know what you are doing with those trunks."

"Dear boy," hissed Mr. Slingsby, waving his hands wildly, "just listen to your old uncle for one minute. They're after Runyon again!"

"Who are?" asked Paul.

"Why, the Sheriffs," said Mr. Slingsby. "They always are, you know. There are more judgements out against Runyon than any man in the country."

"And they are right onto him in Tunkawanna," said Mr. Mingies, solemnly.

"That they are," Mr. Slingsby chimed in. "It's good-by to the trunks if they get them here. There's two of the Sheriff's men in front of the house now. Jacobs is trying to bluff them, but it won't be any use. There's nothing for us to do but to get out, and get out quick. You lower your wife down out of that window, and drop after her. Let her down easy and you can just get her feet on my shoulders. I've taken ladies out of that window before."

"But what's going to become of the play to-night?" cried Adèle. "How can they have any play if you all run away?"

"There won't be any play to night," said Mr. Delancey, emerging from the door beneath the Browns, "unless Runyon plays the Sheriff for a sucker. And that ain't likely. We've been here five times before."

"Urry up," said Mr. Slingsby, beseechingly; "the ladies will be here in a minute. They are just washing up and getting their things on."

"Do you mean," said Paul, in a voice of indignation, "that we are to run away from the Sheriff?"

"You bet," said Mr. Delancey, flippantly; "and mighty lively, too."

"Well," said Paul, "I will not be a party to any such proceedings. I am Mr. Runyon's partner, and whatever legal difficulties he may have gotten into, I will stay and face them out with him."

Here Mr. Mingies spoke forth for the first time, in the full round voice of authority.

"Young man," he said, "you are young. From your looks I should take you to be twenty-five, and from your experience of the world I am led to think that you are about nineteen. If you remain in this town of Tunkawanna to fight the judgements that Runyon has run up in the last fifteen years, you will be a middle-aged man before you get through with the last case. Now you take the advice of one who has had experience in this profession. You have a wife there. Let her down easy out of that window, and we'll be in the State of Pennsylvania inside of fifteen minutes. Mr. Slingsby will assist the lady."

Mr. Slingsby promptly backed up to the wall, braced his tall form against it, squared his shoulders, and, with knightly courtesy, dropped his

chin upon his breast. A moment later, Adèle was gently lowered to the ground by three pairs of gallant hands.

The Brown family found some difficulty in getting into the stern of the boat, for the water was high and rough, and the stone wall was slippery. Adèle clung closely to Paul. The black night frightened her, the roar of the river, and the fitful furious onslaughts of the wind and rain.

It brought a sense of positive comfort to her heart to hear the cheerful, motherly voice of Aunt Sophy Wilks, and to see her massive form descending into the boat. Mrs. Wilks was as calm and unperturbed as though she were the Queen of England receiving her friends.

"Ah, my dear," she said, "it's you, is it? Glad you're going to be with us. But this sporting life is killing me. It's too volatile and I'm too weighty. Say, boys," she continued, addressing the gentlemen on the bank, "you'd better hurry up. I think they've got Runyon." Mr. Delancey put his head in the black doorway and called softly up the stairs:

"Hi, girls," he said; "hurry up!"

A minute passed, and then the two Browns, rocking madly in the rowboat, which the boy vainly tried to steady with the oars, looked up and saw four more dark figures appear upon the wet and wind-swept stone wall.

With many little muffled cries of fright, the ladies were lowered into the boat. There were two pairs of oars, and Mr. Delancey took one pair.

"It's a good thing, Delancey," said Mr. Slingsby, "that you can row."

He laid a peculiar and severe emphasis upon the word "row," which must have conveyed an unpleasant meaning to Mr. Delancey, for he frankly and simply responded:

"You be damned."

"Cast off!" said Mr. Mingies to the boy, with the air of a Rear Admiral.

The boy clambered up to the top of the bank and began to struggle with the knot of the painter, while the ten people in the rowboat huddled together in their crowded quarters, and tried to trim the craft.

"Aunt Sophy," inquired Mr. Slingsby, "are you dead over the keel?"

"If I was an inch to one side," replied Aunt Sophy gravely, "it would be the end of this boat-load."

And then for a moment it seemed as if the end had come. That furious last gust which rounds up a great storm struck them as suddenly as a flash of lightning, snapping the painter as if it had been a thread, and drove the boat into the angry, rushing current of the river. The women shrieked as they were swept into the darkness, and, blacker than all the black things about them, the great arches of the railroad bridge loomed up in their path. Then the torrent swept them madly through that dim gateway, and as they rushed on into the howling darkness, Mingies, who had cast one hasty look behind, remarked casually:

"Runyon got out the back window."

CHAPTER VII.

"Oh, Paul," whispered Adèle, touching his hand, "do you think there's any danger?"

"No," said Paul, reassuringly; "not the least." But his heart sank as he put his arm around his wife and drew her close to him.

"Oh, Paul," she cried with a gasp, "how wicked we were not to be content!"

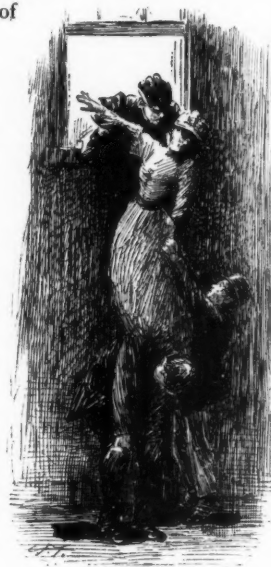
Just as she spoke, there was a sound like a pistol shot, and Mr. Delancey was thrown off his seat into the bottom of the boat. Then he scrambled up with a white face and reached out madly over the side. One of his oars had broken and the other had been torn from his hand.

Adèle hid her face on Paul's breast, and the two sat silent. But their companions were not silent. Their voices rose up in cries that ought to have been heard on either shore, and they must have rushed for ten minutes through that black and howling tempest before Slingsby and Mingies, who alone retained something like self-possession, could induce them even to sit still and minimize the risk of capsizing.

"Is that Aunt Sophy yelling like that?" shouted Mr. Slingsby, from the bow to Mr. Mingies in the stern. "Don't let her move, Mingies!"

"I'm sitting in her lap," shouted back the ponderous, but long-headed Mr. Mingies, "or we'd have been at the bottom before this."

For some space the boat was whirled along, but whether they were hours or minutes in the power of the tempest, not one could tell. They had lost all sense of direction; they could not even see the white-capped water ten feet from the boat, and it seemed as though they were being hurled into infinite space through eternal night.



Suddenly they stopped with a crash and a jar that threw them in all directions. The chorus of shrieks arose again as the boat went to pieces under them and let them down into the water.

They did not have very far to go, however. Paul and Adèle found themselves sitting in a great deal of mud and very little water; and as the truth broke upon the minds of the others, that they were in no immediate danger of drowning, their alarm gradually subsided.

"Take 'old of 'ands," cried the ever-ready Mr. Slingsby. "We'll make a line and strike for the shore. Where are you, Mingies?"

The voice of Mr. Mingies boomed suddenly out of the darkness.

"Here," he said, in a tone of deep feeling. "And Mrs. Wilks and I are settling about six inches every minute."

Just here they heard a shriek that was without doubt from Aunt Sophia.

"What's the matter there, Mingies?" Mr. Slingsby called out.

There was great relief expressed in Mr. Mingies's voice as he cheerfully bellowed back:

"It's all right, now, Slingsby; it's all right. Mrs. Wilks has touched rock."

After a good deal of groping in the darkness, the more active members of the party formed a line, and each holding the other firmly by the hand, they began to feel their way toward the shore, through a darkness that seemed even deeper than they had previously encountered. Suddenly they were startled by a profane remark from Mr. Slingsby, who led the line.

"What is it?" cried Mr. Delancey, apprehensively.

"I bumped my head," replied Mr. Slingsby.

"Bumped your head?" cried his friends, in amazement.

"Against what?" demanded Paul.

"Against the Washington Monument, I should say by the feel of it," answered Mr. Slingsby, in his plaintive singsong. "It's 'arder than my 'ead, whatever it is."

"Oh, Paul," cried Adèle, desperately, "where do you suppose we are?"

"Slingsby," said Mr. Mingies, solemnly, "do you remember that when we were here, five years ago, we had a little picnic down the river?"

"Yes," said Mr. Slingsby.

"A very enjoyable occasion?" continued Mr. Mingies.

"Yes," said Mr. Slingsby.

"Under the shore arch of a stone bridge?" pursued Mr. Mingies.

"Yes," said Mr. Slingsby.

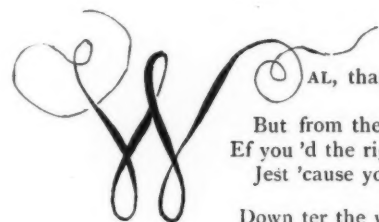
"Well," said Mr. Mingies, "we are under that arch now. I can see the lights of the tavern on the other side of the river."

"Begad, you're right," said Mr. Slingsby. "Let's have another picnic!"

"Certainly," said Mr. Mingies, "the moon is just coming out."

The storm had sunk a little, and one or two patches of light had appeared in the black sky, affording just enough illumination to reveal their situation to the castaways. It was far from pleasant. They were ashore, certainly; but the water had risen so high that it had covered everything

(To be continued.)



WAL, thar, now, Mister Hill, et's hard, I know —
But from the fust thar's someheow be'n a doubt
Ef you'd the right ter boss the entire show,
Jest 'cause you're liable ter sell us out.

Down ter the war, we did n't calcerlate
Thet turning traitor'd allus ought ter pay,
Nor showed a cuss so darned immackerlate
He'd hev ter be promoted right away.

My regiment, we ketched one. You kin tell
The folks he war n't made Colonel — not in ours!
We tried him by court-martial, sir, and — well,
His friends they did n't care to send no flowers.

Jos. Lee.



From London —



Via New York —



To Chicago.

A MISCONCEPTION.

AMERICA'S SKYSCRAPERS.



THE BROADWAY LINE AGAIN.

CONDUCTOR.—You'll have to pull up, Billy, an' let that old feller git on!

AN AFTER THOUGHT.

"I don't believe that dove will ever come back," said Mrs. Noah, after the bird had flown out of sight.
"Then why in goodness did n't you send the canary?" said Mr. Noah. "We could have spared it."

LIBEL.

"Struckoyle is going to sue the Tax Assessors."
"What for?"
"They undervalued his worth."

JES' SO!

We read of forchuns bein' left the rich,
(Us fellers who mus' hustle fer a livin'),
And it 'minds us that things were al'us sich,—
"To him that hez a goose, a goslin shell be given."



THREE BANDS IN ONE BLOCK.

SON (looking out the window at passing parade).—Papa, when those veterans went into battle, did the bands lead as they do in the parades?
FATHER (who has no soul for music).—No; but I wish they had.

EMBARRASSED.

MR. CALUMET (from Chicago).—I should like to have you go to the matinée, Miss Pinkey.

MISS PINKEY.—I should be pleased to go, Mr. Calumet.

MR. CALUMET.—But, a-hem! I fear there is a slight difficulty. The fact is—er—I came away from Chicago without my dress suit.

THE RUBICUND FEATURE.

OLD OTARD.—This wine always has an exquisite bouquet.

YOUNG HYSON.—I should judge so from the nose gay it has given you.

THE CENTRAL PARK WEED SEED.

"Are you sowing your lawns with fresh seed this year?"

"No. It's too expensive."

"Seed is n't expensive."

"No; but it costs money to employ a man to pull up the things that sprout from it."

WOMAN'S WAY.

HUSBAND.—I am not ready to go out walking yet.

WIFE.—But I am, and we must go immediately.

HUSBAND.—But, my dear, your hat is not on straight.

WIFE.—Dear me! Is n't it? Wait a minute till I go to my room and fix it. (Exit WIFE for half an hour, and her shrewd HUSBAND completes his work.)

NATURAL SUCCESS.

DR. PILLE.—How are you getting along, Nostrum, since you invented that cure for colds?

DR. NOSTRUM.—Oh, I'm filling my coughers!

A MASTERLY DEFENSE.

MOKEBY.—How did yo' come out on dat chicken-stealin' case?

JOHNSON.—All right. Mah lawyer proved dat de Jedge did n't hab no jurisdiction, 'cause it was his own chickens I done stole!

A PERPETUAL HOLIDAY.

DICKY PROUDFIT.—Huh! I can't see why you never puts on your Sunday clothes!

BOBBY POORE.—But I does. I wears 'em seven days in the week.

THE KIND THEY LIKE.

MANAGER.—Your play is marvelously good. Its one fault is that it is beyond the abilities of my company.

DRAMATIST.—Then how can I ever get it produced?

MANAGER.—You can easily get an amateur company to undertake it.

IT'S WORRY that kills—but it can never "kill Time."

IF MEN were not fools, girls would not be flirts.

LOAF SUGAR—Holiday Money.

IF A WOMAN can't keep a secret, why is it such an awful job to get at her age?

MANY AN old bore expects us to bow down to the gray matter on the outside of his skull.

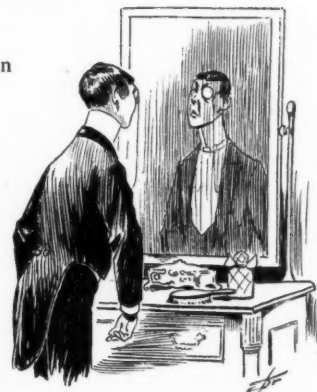
SOME WOMEN may "angle" for compliments; but most of them depend on their curves.

FANCY SCOTCH mixtures are safer to wear than to drink.

CIRCUMSTANCES MAY force us to admit that another man's troubles are as great as our own; but nothing can make us believe that the other man bears them with the fortitude we would bear them if they were ours.



PASSENGER (as the car starts again).—Thanks, Conductor—little idea of mine to make you fellows stop for me—works first rate, so far!



"STARING AT VACANCY."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.



MOTHER'S BONNET,



SISTER MARY'S BONNET,



ETHEL'S HAT,



HELEN'S HAT,—



AND FATHER'S "TILE."

EVEN WORSE.

LENA LOTOS.—It is a great snap for a man with a good voice to sing in a church choir.

JACK LEVER.—It is a greater snap to stay home and read the Sunday papers.

LENA LOTOS.—But, just think how debasing that is to his moral tone!

JACK LEVER.—Great Cæsar! What do you call singing in the choir?

ROSES.



I.—THE POET'S VIEW.

RED AND WHITE and yellow,
Breathing airy spice,
Fragile, dewy, lissome,
Buds of Paradise;
Damosels of beauty,
Graceful and petite,
Sculptured by the breezes,
Frolicsome and sweet.

II.—THE MAIDEN'S VIEW.

Aromatic, creamy,
Delicate and fair,
For the golden meshes
Of a beauty's hair;
Jewels of the sunshine,
Fairies of the green,
Just too sweet when painted
On a tambourine!

III.—THE GROWER'S VIEW.

Pile the coal on, Billy,
Force along the buds,
While we are perspiring
In our Summer duds.
Box the "Jacks" and Mermets,
Make the cash increase;
Gosh! they're only fetching
Seven cents a-piece!

R. K. Munkittrick.



DANGEROUS PROXIMITY.

O'ROURKE.—This is thim burds av prey as swoops down th' mountains an' carries aff people, as yez read about.

MRS. O'ROURKE (*in an agony of fright*).—Kim away, thin, Dinnis. Suppose wan av thim should break loose.

VARYING THE MONOTONY.

MR. JOB LOTT.—Did you see Slowum about that bill again?

COLLECTOR.—Yes.

MR. JOB LOTT.—Did he put you off as usual?

COLLECTOR.—Nop. Put me off the place, this time.



MERELY A SOLICITOR.

SLEEK STRANGER.—I am hunting for work, sir. Have you any scrubbing, washing or cleaning of any kind you wish done?

MR. MORRISON ESSEX.—You don't look like a man for that kind of work.

SLEEK STRANGER.—I am not, sir. It is for my wife I am hunting work.

THE ACME OF POLITENESS.

CHOLLY.—Pahdon me!

HARWY.—Don't mention it, m' deah bhoy.

CHOLLY.—Aw, pahdon me foh begging your pahdon.

THE BALD TRUTH.

PATIENT.—Doctor, let me know the worst.

DOCTOR (*absent-mindedly*).—Your bill will be two hundred dollars.

WOMAN CAN throw glances straight enough.

THE CAT has nine lives, but no biographers.

THE RULE against playing for money can not be enforced against actors.

A MAN OF various occupations is versatile until he takes up *our* business — then he is a Jack-at-all-trades.



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Boston, N.Y.

THE TWO MRS. PAR

UCK.

CLEVELAND
and



J. Keppler

RS. PARTINGTONS.

IN THE YEAR 3000.

Extract from a paper read by Professor R. Keology at a meeting of The Ancient Research Society.



GENTLEMEN, I hope to demonstrate this evening something that I have long maintained, namely: that the barbarians of the 19th century were, in many respects, our superiors. Excavations recently made at the site of one of the old cities, brought to light a bundle of the newspapers of those peculiar people, and from these papers I have gleaned some startling facts.

We know, of course, that the formation and configuration of the earth is constantly changing. That the climate and the earth's natural beauty have greatly deteriorated since that day, is amply proven by descriptions of various Summer and Winter resorts of the time. There are at present no such favored spots on the face of the earth.

But it is in the healing art that those people most notably surpassed us. Every one of the papers I examined contains accounts of cures that were, and would still be, truly miraculous. The most virulent diseases were set at naught. In many instances those who had been afflicted and were cured, write publicly to their benefactors, expressing a heartfelt gratitude and a charitable desire that other sufferers find the same relief, that is, even in this age of ethical perfection, touching in the extreme. The world suffered a great calamity in the loss of the formulæ of those precious compounds. Men who had been bed-ridden for years were restored to the full use of their bodies by what they called "two bottles of your magic remedy."

Many persons were sorely afflicted with cutaneous affections, one gentleman stating graphically that he "scratched for twenty years;" a few applications of an ointment, discovered by an Indian physician, cured every such case.

One singularly pathetic letter from a mother, which seems to have been widely copied, states that "Baby's face was raw —." It details in a simple, affecting manner how she was induced by a friend to apply a remedy that promptly cured her infant's rarity of countenance.

Fully as wonderful were what the people called hair restorers. Luxu-



NOTHING NEW.

MRS. BEACH.—I'm afraid my bathing suit will not be fit to wear this year.

MR. BEACH.—It was n't fit to wear last year.



"ALL IS NOT GOLD," ETC.

SAM'L.—Vat are dose fish, Fodder?

FODDER.—Dose are gold fish, mine sohn.

SAM'L.—Are dey real eighteen carat?

riant growths of hair were brought out in two weeks upon the entirely bald heads of thousands of men.

Heavy beards and long, curling moustaches were made to grow in the same period upon the faces of the youth of the land, by the use of an elixir called "Whiskerina."

Gentlemen, how futile is our boasted medical skill of to-day!

It is true, that at the time of which I am reading, the old art of lying was still flourishing, and this fact might, at first glance, seem to impugn many of these testimonials. But their fidelity is assured beyond question in most of the instances by two portraits of the sufferer which accompany the statement, one taken when his malady was at its height; the other, some weeks later, when he had fully recovered. The striking contrasts which are thus presented between the haggard thralldom of disease and the full flush of health form a remarkable and convincing commentary upon the miracles performed in that benighted age.

So greatly were these compounds venerated that many of them were embalmed in verse of which the following is an example:

"When Baby was sick we gave her
Gustoria.
When she was a child she cried for
Gustoria.
When she became Miss she clung
to Gustoria.
When she had children she gave
them Gustoria."

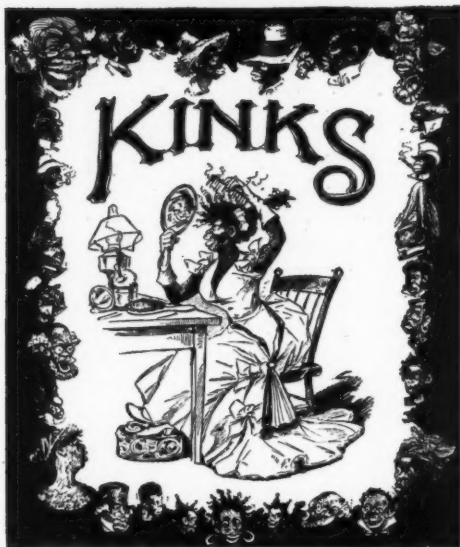
This bit of verse is intensely interesting in our day, not only for its bearing upon the matter in hand, but for the glimpse it affords of the epic poetry of that dark period. Note the crude simplicity of this verse, moving grandly forward, not in metrical rhythm, but rather as a chant, reciting in terse, vigorous Saxon, the life-history of one whose parents early recognized the merits of Gustoria. The fragment is a wonderful example of our ancestors' powers of literary condensation.

So, gentlemen, while it is true that in those days they had "Ladies' and Gents' Eating Houses," realistic novels, amateur theatricals, professional elocutionists and farce-comedy; yet, they performed miracles, learned to play the piano in five lessons by means of a small chart costing fifty cents, and made seventy-seven dollars a week in their own homes, by light, easy employment. From all of which I am forced to believe that our millennium is older than we have supposed it to be.

H. L. Wilson.



No; this man is not suffering from brain trouble. His wife has given him a letter to mail, and this is the only way he will not forget it.



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LITTLE DAUGHTER.—Susie Slummer has tum to call on me, an' she's dot an old dress an' a dirty face.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

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"Cannons? Yes, indeed; he's just like Wagner."—*Chicago Blade.*

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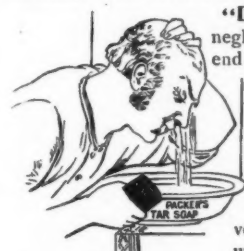
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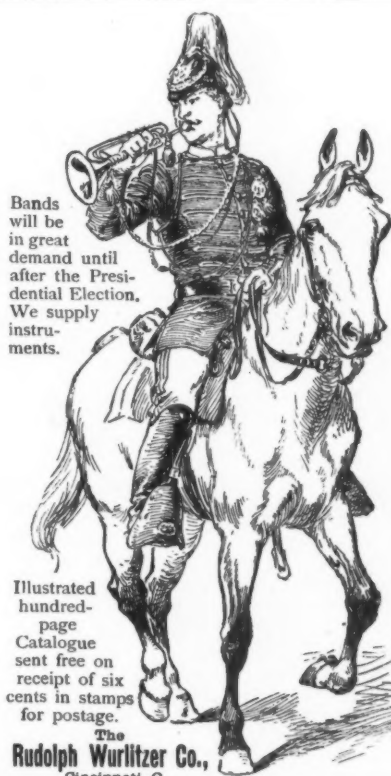
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It never helps the Lord any for a man to go to bragging about what a big sinner he used to be.—*Ram's Horn.*

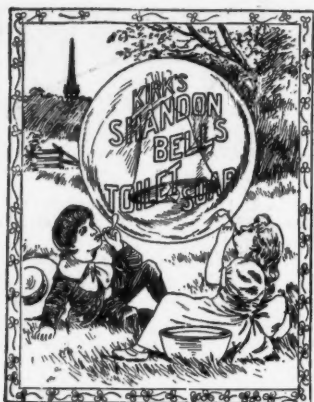


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WILLIE.—Where is he?

HIS MOTHER.—Never mind, my dear; you should not ask such questions.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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"He did not absolutely refuse, but he imposed a very serious condition."

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"He said he would see me hanged first."—*Truth.*

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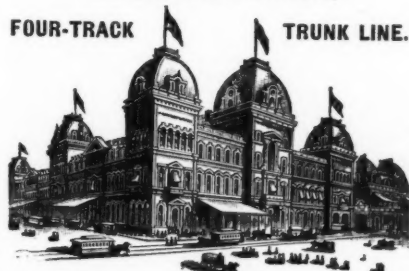
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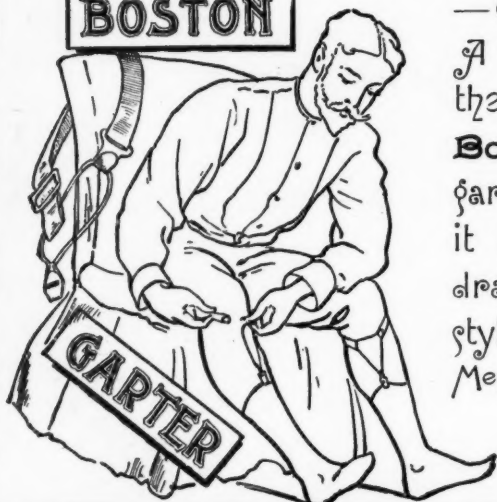
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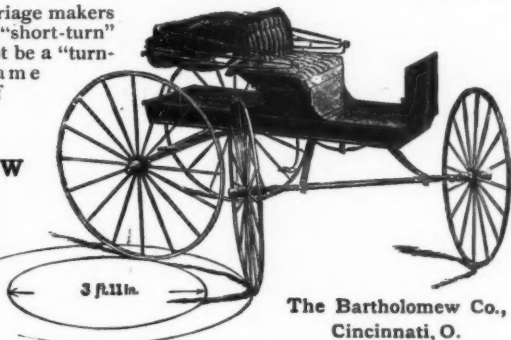
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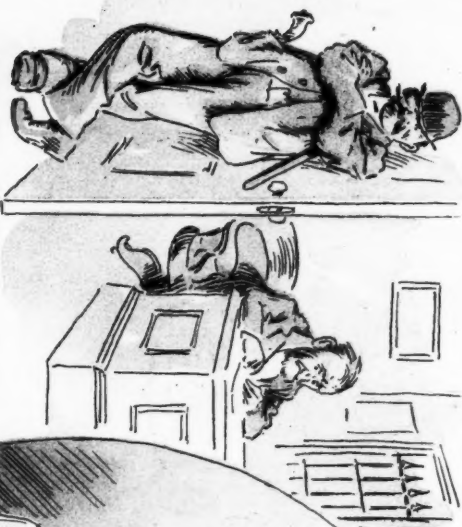
Begging letters by the bushel.



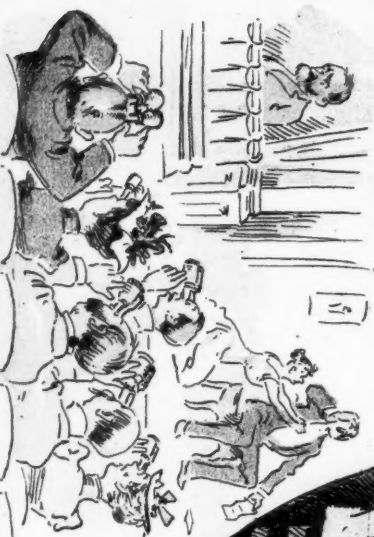
Pestered by intruders in his private car.



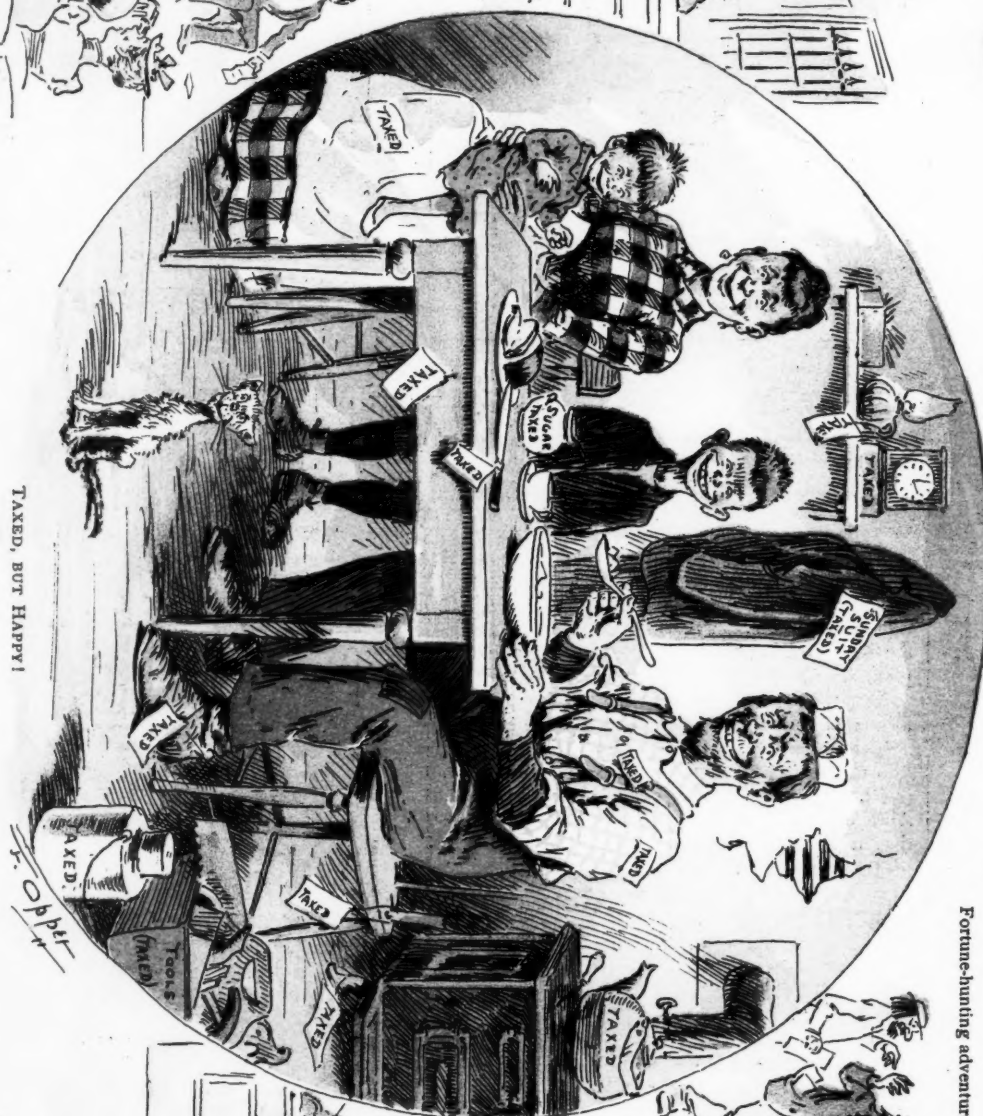
Fortune-hunting adventurers throng his parlor and besiege his daughter.



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